

STARCRAFT ASTRODROMER COMMANDEERED
FOR USE BY THE JUSTICE LEAGUE OF EARTH.

WHAT
THE HELL
IS THAT?!

GOOD
QUESTION.

CURRENTLY MOVING AT MAXIMUM VELOCITY
BEYOND THE EDGE OF THE KNOWN UNIVERSE.

WHAT ARE THE
ESKATON?

HAX!
MOVE...
NOW!

I--
I--

ACCORDING TO
THE MYTHS OF NEW
GENESIS, THE ESKATON
ARE THE DEMONIC
HARBINGERS OF
THE END TIMES.

WHEN IT'S TIME FOR THE
FOURTH WORLD TO DIE,
THE ESKATON WILL ARISE TO
CONSUME THE CORPSES
OF THE NEW GODS.

I ENCOUNTERED
SEVERAL DURING MY
HUNT FOR DARKSEID. THEY
ARE IMMEASURABLY
POWERFUL.

THE FACT THAT
THEY HAVE EVEN
MANIFESTED IS
BAD NEWS FOR
THE UNIVERSE.

AND IT SEEMS WE
BROUGHT ONE WITH US,
I GUESS. 'CAUSE WE'RE
LUCKY THAT WAY.

TO BE HONEST, I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
THEY REALLY ARE.
BUT THEN AGAIN,
THESE DAYS...

...I DON'T REALLY
KNOW WHAT I AM
EITHER.

I WAS JESSICA CRUZ,
GREEN LANTERN. I
DIED, BURNED BY
DARKSEID.

BUT THE CRUSHED
FRAGMENTS OF MY LANTERN
RING SOMEHOW ABSORBED
THE POWER OF DARKSEID'S
OMEGA BEAMS.

THAT BROUGHT ME
BACK AS A LIVING
BATTERY, BRIMMING
WITH OMEGA ENERGY.

ENERGY THAT
JUST WANTS TO
BE UNLEASHED.

YEAH. STAY
DOWN.

OH
GODS!

SHHOOON

DEAD SPACE

DAN ABNETT-Writer WILL CONRAD-Art
RAIN BEREDO & PETE PANTAZIS-Colors ANDWORLD DESIGN-Letters
NEIL GOOGE-Acetate Cover LUCIO PARILLO-Variant Cover
JAMIE S. RICH-Group Editor HARVEY RICHARDS-Editor

I DON'T HAVE ANY FINE
CONTROL YET. MY HAND'S
STILL HEALING, AND I DON'T
HAVE MY RING TO HELP ME
FOCUS THE OUTPUT.

BUT IT'S
EFFECTIVE.

EXCEPT...

RIGHT. COOL. IT STANDS
TO REASON, I GUESS, THAT
THE ESKATON WOULD BE THE
ONLY THINGS IN THE UNIVERSE
IMMUNE TO OMEGA ENERGY.

IT JUST
ABSORBED
MY BLAST.

DEE-LI-CIOUS.

NOW,
ORGANISM.
WHERE IS
HE?

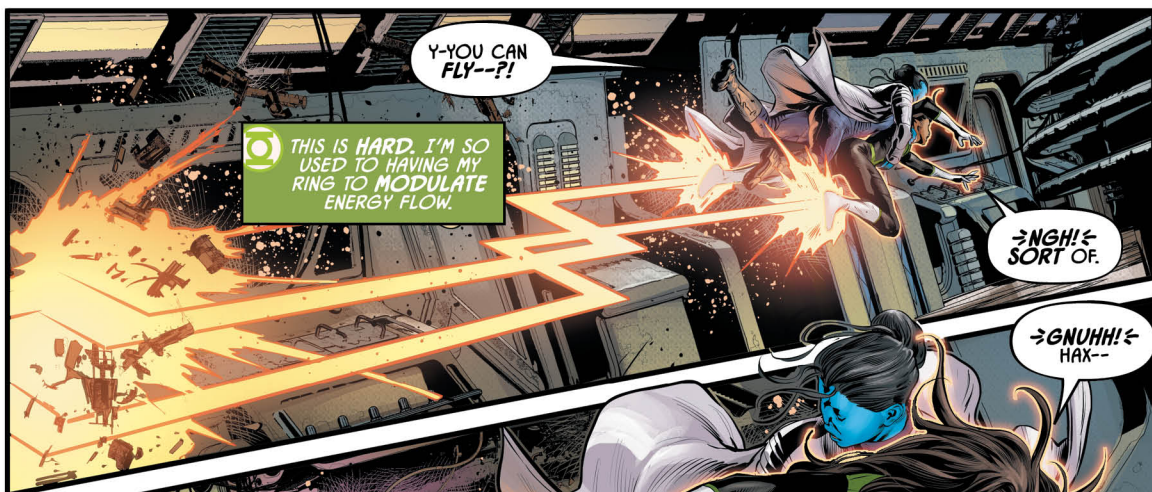
WHO? WHAT?
W-WHO DOES
IT MEAN?

HAX...

AAAAHHH!

STOP ASKING
QUESTIONS AND
HANG ON!

THWUNK!!



Y-YOU CAN
FLY--?!

THIS IS HARD. I'M SO
USED TO HAVING MY
RING TO MODULATE
ENERGY FLOW.

NGH!
SORT OF.

GNUHH!
HAX--



IT'S
COMING
AFTER
US!

I'M DISCHARGING
OMEGA POWER TO
PROPEL US, BUT IT'S
HARD TO STEER.



HAX, STOP
SQUIRMING--!

IT'S RIGHT
BEHIND
US!

I WOULDN'T
CALL THIS
FLYING. IT'S
NOT THAT
SUBTLE--



KRAAAASHH
OH
SH--

PARDON ME
WHILE I BRIEFLY
BLACK OUT.